A SNAKE HUNT IN JERSEY.

EXPERT O'REILLY'S DAY'S SPORT ON TOP OF THE PALISADES.

He Bagged One Copperhend, the Tall of Anather, a Black sanks, and a Garter Sanks He Also Discoursed Stanke Lore, and Told About a Blackmake with Accommodations for a Family.

A simple equipment, a convenient hunting ground, a spice of danger to give dash to the venture, and game that matches cunning to the hunter's cunning and curriage to his courage—what better sport can many feel can kill a snake, but it's another matter to match one—Ibid.

fast across the river in Jersey lies the hunting ground. A stout stick and a dog form the ment. Skill, quickness of hand and eye, stemliness of nerve, and stout legs to walk without tiring are the necessary qualifications. With these elements a man may enjoy a day's sport in hunting game as deadly as any to be found short of the land of the grizzly bear, and get home in time for dinner. At the same time he will be doing his fellow man a service, for there are altogether too many copperheads in Jersey for the comfort of the human inhabitants. Moreover, nobody hunts them except an occa

sional small boy.

The copperhead is a reddish brown snake, warving in length from two to three and onehalf feet. In coloring and marking he is beautiful, but his face is unprepossessing. His head is pointed and set on a small neck, the sure signs of venomous snakes in this country, and

tine pets at home. Some miles were covered before the hunters reached a spot that Mr. O'Reilly decided was a sure piace for capperheads. It was a humpy bit of ground surrounded by a stone wall that opened into the road through a gateway. Over the wall went the expert at d the reporter, and walking along near the centre of the field they peered carefully about hear the stones. As they neared the gateway Mr. O'Reilly seized his companion by the arm.

the arm.
"Stand perfectly still." he said quickly. "Look
over at the wall, left hand corner. Don't make



GOOD HUNTING GROUND.

a move, not even your hand or head. Keep your eye on that snake. I knew we'd find one here." At the base of the wall, near the opening, was coiled a good-sized copperhead. About four inches of neck protruded from the coil, and the hidesous head was pointed straight up, as if his snakeship were taking weather observations. A more repulsive object nature seldom made. Toward the wall Mr. O'Reilly was slowly making his way. He had taken a circuitous course and he presently called out to the reporter: "Is he there yet? I can't see him; there's a clump of weeds between us."



bis eyes are small and remarkably malignant. richies are his delight, Sunday school picnics for preference. He never misses a chance to attend one of these festivities, where he frightens The women into trees and the children into fits. When there are no picnics he coils himself up reatly and waits for somebody to come near. If that somebody comes near enough there is apt to be a funeral in his family, for the copperhead is a called Irigmocephalus, or Ancistrodon contertrix. In Jersey he is called by all the uncomplimentary terms which a vocabu-lary already much distended by prac-tice upon mosquitoes can command. For the rest he is alert, cunning, and a vicious fighter. To haunts of this snake a Sun reporter went one day last week with Mr. G. R. O'Reilly of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, who, in a life devoted to the study of snakes, has caught almost every variety of reptile from the deadly cobra do capello to the gigantic python, The understanding was that Mr. O'Reilly was to catch the spakes while the reporter acted as

A ferrybeat carried the hunters to Fort Lee, where they set out on a very winding and hilly road leading to Englewood, Reports were rife of large numbers of copperheads seen in this neighborhood by picnicking Englewooders who were frightened out of their senses and the vicinity by the creepers. An acquaintance of Mr. O'Reilly's had counted eleven copperheads one day sunning themselves near a heap of rocks. Therefore the prospects were good although the weather was hardly favorable

"A little too cool and cloudy," said the expert, as he led the way up the hill. "Snaker like warm and sunny weather. We won't see very many to-day, I'm afraid."

For all that might come he was prepared. In one hand he carried a stick seven feet long, with a bend at one end, much like a shinny stick. The other hand grosped a short beg, at that time used as a receptacle for luncheon, but intended



CAUGHT ON THE BUN.

eventually as a temporary prison for captive enakes. As he strode along at a lively pace, he epoke wisely concerning the copperhead. "It's no easy matter to see them at this time

of year, because they are so near the color of the brown leaves. You've got to look very sharp to get sight of them. They usually lie coiled, with their heads up a bit, looking about them. Sometimes you can hear them if they happen to be moving. A slight rustling in the leaves at the

times you can hear them if they happen to be moving. A slight rustling in the leaves at the side of the road is likely to mean that a snake is travelling along, but the usual policy of the copperhead is a masterly inactivity. Then if he's caught he'll fight.

"To-day there aren't enough birds or squirrels around to help me any. Frequently they let me a how of the proximity of a snake by the peculiar cries they utter, which I have learned to revogative as meaning protest and anger. They have no use for snakes. By the way, besides looking at the leaves and rocks you might keep a look out for likely looking stumps, and if you should happen to see a narrow black head sticking out any where don't hesitate to mantion the fact. Hisckenakes are not at all common around here, and I'd like very much to get one."

All the time that the expert was discouraing snake love he was travelling at a five-mile clip that soon brought him and his companion to the high ground at the top of the Pallaades, where a magnificent view of the Hudson was afforded. All along here was the copperhead ground, and Mr. O'Reilly's gaze was reallessify sweeging, the surrounding roads and underbrank. From time to time he would stop at a brush heav run his etick under it, and then with a mightly heave throw it over.

"In coall swanter they're likely to crawl undersuch heave of brush, he explained: "both blacksnakes and copperieads. But not both forether, for in that case the blacksnake would envallow the other and ask for more. Now if anything comes out of this brush when I'm litting and if it's black, you just grabit. Hlackmakes are quite harmines."

The reporter cheerfully nodded, but he mentally resolved that at the first slight of anything crawling in his direction he would elimb the nearest tree. One can always get a good view from a tree, and it wasn't until later that line the stake along heaves, latered in a hope to a done in his placks. Intending them as food for his serpen-

"He's there," whispered the reporter, fearful of disturbing the reptile.

"Oh, you needn't whisper," said the expert, "he can't hear; but if he sees me he'll crawl into that wall, and then I'll have to tear it down. All this time he had been walking slowly nearer. When he got within five yards, still keeping the little reed clump between him and the snake, he again stopped for information. From that on his course was a marvel of stealth and patience. Softer, slower than a cat creeping upon an unsuspecting robin, the hunter edged toward the serpent. Now he was almost within reaching distance. Taking his long pole in both hands he decreased the space inch by inch. Still the snake lay colled, evidently without suspicion. O'Rellip peered around an edge of the concealing reed clump. The copperhead saw him and dropped its ugly head



THE BLACKSNAKE AT RAY.

like a flash. The long body was writhing and twisting now toward the rocks where safety lay. Already the head was pointed to a crevice, when, with a bound, the hunter reached the spot and pressed the bend of his stick across the snake's back. At the touch of the stick the copperhead turned and struck viciously, once, twice, and again. Then, seeming to realize that against the stick its venom was powerless, it colled back on itself and strove to reach the man. If ever a creature was fashioned to represent the fury of murder in form and motion the copperhead is that creature. Again and again it struck in impotent rage, but its enemy was just out of reach, and the stick held it fast.

So far the victory was with the hunter, but what was to be done next? To venture six inches nearer to that waring, writhing flathead was death. To lift the stick was to afford the snake a chance for escape, of which it would be quick to take advantage. But Mr. O'Reilly seemed quite sure of his prey.

"Bring the bag over here," he called out, "I'll be ready for it in a moment."

A quick shift of the stick and a movement of the wrist followed. The copperhead flew up in the air, landing out in the soft ground five yards from the wall. The man was after him in a leap, and this time the stick settled just back of the venomous head. Slipping his hand down so that the thumb came under the snake's throat, the captor lifted the reptile and dropped him into the open bag, which was tied just back on that the thumb came under the snake's throat, the captor lifted the reptile and dropped him into the open bag, which was tied just above him. So the capture was completed. Thus Mr. E. Ellery Anderson is short 234 feet of copperhead being sighted in this field the hunters continued, rejoicing greatly, particularly the expert, who said that he could trade his copperhead for a rattlesnake, which he very much desired.

"It have three good copperheads now, that I caught over here," he explained. "This one I shall exchange. He will hie quite there in the



nake that was patiently awaiting him at home at the next turn a pile of stones underwent a areful scrutiny by the snake catcher, not with-

careful scrutiny by the sname catcher, not without result.

"That is the place where a friend of mine
counted eleven copperheads one day," said he.

"By the way, just beyond here I saw a peculiar
thing once. A female copperhead was coiled up
behind a rock, and her progens were crawling
away from the place one by one. Copperheads
are very precoclous, and leave home and mother
at a tender age. Not far away was a big black
smake. A little copperhead wandered his way
and he took him in. Then came a second and a
third, and the blackmake awaitowed those. It
tickled him aimost to death to have meals

but there is no venom in a blacksnake's lite.
This specimen was 516 feet long, and a very
beautiful scrpent, much the hue of coal, with
the same peculiar shine. Once fairly captured
it ceased to writhe, and was soon safe in the



COPPERHEAD. BLACKSNAKE.

bag, shut off, however, from the copperhead, as Mr. O'Reilly had no desire to economize space by taking home one snake inside the other.

As the travellers proceeded the road led through wilder woods. Tall trees, interspersed with thek underbrush, lined the way. Here and there a chestnut tree, half stripped of its savory crop by the frosts, had sprinkled the ground beneath with its prickly bures and the presence of the nuts waiting to be picked up was an evidence that few people travelled that path. Twisting and turning the road led finally to a little bridge, known as the Johnson avenue bridge, built of solid masoury and filled in above with rocks, over which the earth had been tightly packed. A sluggish, swampy stream had hardly energy enough to flow under this bridge. Here Mr. O'Reilly found some holes which he immediately began to explore with his stick, but to no purpose.

"This is a bad place to get at 'em," he remarked. "There must be some here though, if those holes are any evidence. It's somewhat ticklish business, but I'm going to null out a few of these rocks. I've never began bitten yet by a venomous snake, but I always am prepared, and here's a good place to be ready for accidents."

From his pocket he produced a small keen erasing knife, which he handed to the reperier.

"If I should get bitten," said he, "cut into the bitten place with this knife about half an inch, Make two or three slashes if necessary to bring the blood out. Then I'll suck the prison out."

Grasping his stick, he loosened the earth around a big rock at the side of the bridge abutment until he could move it with his hands. Then overturning it, he dropped on his knees and peered into the caving. The next instant, with a shout, he plunged in his arm and seemed to be striving to pall something out. The something out. The something out.



IMPLEMENTS OF THE HUNT.

IMPLEMENTS OF THE HUNT.

This hunter contemplated a small brownish object, which his fingers grasped tightly.

"That," he observed, "is the tail of a copperhead. The rest of him is somewhere in by the arch of the bridge, where hell have to stay for all me. The loss of his tail won't inconvenience him seriously, as it's more ornamental than useful. He's a strong snake, the copperhead, and unless you get hold of his tail pretty well up toward the body he'll break off a chunk of himself and leave you with the sample. This chap had his hole under the rock and started down when he heard it move. A second quicker and I'd have had him."

This was the last chance, It was growing dark

and I'd have had him."

This was the last chance. It was growing dark and very cool, and while copperheads are ordinarily night hunters, yet late in the year they do not come out after the sun has gone down. One more snake, however, fell to the expert. As the homeward-bound hunters drew near a house a small boy rushed out shouting:

"Hi, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. O'Reilly, I gotter snake fer ye."

small boy rushed out shouting:

"Ht. Mr. O'Reilly. Mr. O'Reilly! I gotter snake fer ye."

"What kind is it. Richie?" asked the expert.

"It's a garter snake, I guesa," replied the boy.

"Jimmy had a little feller, but he got away. Liza Monahan's got a frog for you. I'll run over and get it."

He produced from a pocket a very sluggish garter snake, which Mr. O'Reilly coiled up like a bit of rope and set inside his hat, which he then returned to his head.

"Don't let me forget that he's there," said he.

"I created the greatest sensation of my life once by meeting some ladies of my acquaintance when returning from a hunt, and bowing to them in forgetfulness of the fact that I had stored a tiger snake under my hat. The ladies put for the nearest fence, and I had a hard time making my peace with them. All these boys around here collect for me, and I lend them books. There is quite a scientific circle in Fort Lee, made up of the youngsters."

By this time Hichie had returned with Liza Monahan's frog which went into the scientist's handkerchief. Several other boys returned with him and all of them had some snake information for Mr. O'Reilly, whose popularity among them was apparently unbounded.

Amidet a chorus of good-bys the snake hunter continued his homeward Journey. He had had what he considered is good day, the black-snake being quite a prize. The frees and toads went to his pets at home, and the copperhead, carefully boxed, travelled down to a man in Pennsylvania, who in exchange sent back a fine big rattlesnake.

Good Tunneling by a Fox Terrier.

From the St Louis Globe-Democrat.

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his for terrier:
"On last Tuesday, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats, at about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken to the matter until Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelping. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately up stairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered be had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in oah him. Finding no other means of escape he dug up to the surface, which had been recently paved dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and hearly examples to the surface which had been recently paved dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and han hearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was hearly exhausted when discovered, being twenty-six hours under ground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."

Suspended 1,000 Feet Up by a String.

Prom the Detroit Free Free.

Capac, Mich., Oct. 5.—An accident which might have terminated fatally happened to C. F. Walt, balloonist, here yesterday.

In making an accession, and at a height of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, he serized the parachute for the descent, and in some way the small cord which held the parachute to the bar of the balloon (only a cord one-eighth of an inch in diameter) became entangled around the bar of the balloon. He claims he united the string before he attempted to drop. Any way, it resulted in the inverting of the parachute, isaving him suspended in the air with only the small cord to hold him. He remained quiet, not daring to make an effort to raise himself by the cord to get hold of the bar above him. After a listle further ascent the bailoon began to descend, landing him with considerable force, but not amough to hurt him seriously. He was afterward so completely prostrated from the shock that a physician was summoned.

Chamberiatu's Matrimoutal Record.

From the Misseopois Tribuse.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Oct. 2.—George Chamber-lain was married for the sixth time last week.
He was wed this last time to Mrs. W. C. Cham-berlain, the woman he first married, and just forty-one years from the first medding. Since his divorce from Mrs. Chamberlain he has been the busband at different times of two Casadian women and two Ohio woman.

served in his own apartments, as it were. He began to thrash around, and presently spied another little anake, which he finished at a guip. All this time the mother copperhead had been laying low, but now she incautiously wriggied, whereupon the blackanake whisked over and swallowed her, too. It reminded me of the advertisements one sees in the papers: Accommodations for a family; no objection to small children. Now, that may seem like a big story, but it's perfectly true, I tell you the appetite of — HC VI Whoop! Now!

Mr. O'Reilly dropped bag and stick, and left the roadway in a succession of long leaps. It occurred to the amazed reporter that perhaps the copperhead in the bag might have bitten through, and that the scientist was going for a doctor. But, instead of going along the road, he was dashing through a field at an astonishing speed, Just as he made an abrupt stop, the reporter saw the explanation. What looked like a shining black rope was waving a threatening head toward Mr. O'Reilly I was a blackanake, which the scientist had been pixuing. The snake had suddenly stopped, coiled, and shown fight. The man had overrun his prey, hence his sudden hait. Now the snake struck, A fleck of blood on the man's wrist showed where the teeth had reached the mark, but there is no venous in a blackanake's bite. This specimen was 3½ feet long, and a very beautiful screpent, much the hun of coal, with

which rests a conical chamber having an arrangement around its base which causes the two surfaces to form, when in contact, a tight joint, surfaces to form, when in contact, a tight joint, similar to that of a bell glass when used for experiment with an air pump—the cone or combustion chamber being entirely and deeply submerged by reason of its position at or near the bottom of the boiler; there are vertical guides projecting upward from the chamber seating, up which the combustion chamber will travel during its resoil at each explosion. In practice, a charge of gas having been injected into the inside of the cone, it is immediately fired, the result of the explosion being that the combustion chamber reaching the heated and expanded products of the combustion to escape direct into the lowest straium of the water of the boiler in the form of millions of little upward percolations. The combustion chamber having settled down and formed a tight joint upon its seating, a valve opens, and so economizes even the small amount of residual pressure remaining in the chamber, which is caused to escape into a cylinder connected with the engine, from whence, after performing its duty, it exhausts. similar to that of a bell glass when used for ex-

Another method of using peroxide, viz., for the bleaching of straw, wood, and similar fibres, is announced. As explained, to 100 litres of soft cold water are added 1,600 grams of pure crystallized oxalic acid, after which 1,000 grams peroxide of sodium are slowly stirred in; the peroxide of sodium are slowly stirred in; the liquor, when this is done, will still be seld, requiring on this account to be made slightly alkaline with slicate of soda er with more peroxide. The stuff to be bleached must be in an absolutely clean condition and free from grease, and is put into the alkaline bath of the mixture and kept in it until bleached, at a temperature of from 90° to 100° F, when it is rinsed and freed from any traces of yellow in a weak acid bath—tartarle, for instance—or by slow drying in the open air. The bath in question can be used over and over again, and to save time may be made stronger. made stronger.

The practicability of transmitting a long distance a given amount of steam is illustrated in an account recently given by Mr. Coxe before the Society of Mechanical Engineers. It seems that at a colliery it was desired to carry steam over a hill from the boiler plant. To do this a trough was made by nailing the edges of two boards together, so that they formed a right angle, the trough being supported by two stakes driven in the ground and crossing Just beneath the trough; the pipe was laid in the trough, resting on coat-iron plates, the pipe surrounded by mineral wool, and a similar inverted trough placed at the top. To allow expansion, a bend was made to one side at the top of the hill, and then it was turned back to its original direction; a large receiver was introduced in the pipe at the pumps, made of three boiler sheets, and having a diameter of 34 inches, and serving also as a separator. As the elevation was some 1,800 feet above the sea, excessive cold was experienced in the winter time, the arrangement, however, fulfilling the desired purpose, costing nothing for maintenance and giving no trouble.

be employed in the process a glass tube in-stead of a crucible, a slow current of dry hydro-gen being passed over the mixture of salt and aluminum, the phosphorus distils into the cool-er part of the tube without the formation of any phosphuretted hydrogen, the residue consisting of alumina, sedium aluminate, and a phosphide of alumina. By these steps in the process only some thirty per cent. of the phosphorus in the mineral used can be obtained, but the phosphide is decomposed entirely by heating with silica, and this may be added at the beginning of the proceeding, and the reaction continues without difficulty and without loss.

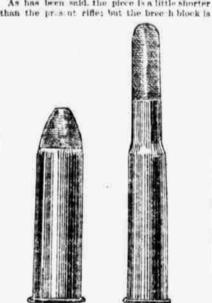
Attention is called by Mr. Crawford, State mineralogist of California, to the mistake chacacterizing the plans, in many instances, of those embarking in projects for the production of aluminum, the mistake consisting in ismoring the fact that the active agent in reducing aluminum to the metallic form is the element sodium the metallic base of common sait, sodium having an intense affinity for oxygen, so strong. having an intense affinity for oxygen, so strong, indeed, as to abstract it from its combination with aluminum, also abstracting it from the ordinary quartz, known to chemists as oxide of allicon, leaving the element silicon free; in every ciay bank there is both allics and alumina, representing the oxides of silicon and aluminum, but no process has yet been devised to free aluminum from this combination of silicon, and it is regarded as highly improbable from their similarity of chemical deportment that such results can ever be achieved in an economical manner. It is on this account that manufacturers of aluminum are obliged to depend for the success of their works upon the use of compounds of alumina, which do not contain allics, the materials used being the mineral crysolite—a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium—and an artificially prepared assquicable of alumina. THE NEW ARMY RIPLE

A National Guardsman Reports Favorably

On It After Some Unoffeint Tests So much has been said, and on the whole so well said only in this case it has been writtenabout the Krag-Jorgensen rifle that the army is going to use that it would seem that little was left to say or to write. But what has been said has been said by the officers, who have tested the piece and passed upon its merits. They have told how the rifle was fired a thousand rounds without cleaning, how it was bathed in sand for twenty-four hours, and then fired another thousand rounds without cleaning, and how it was put through its paces in various other ways. What the enlisted man can do with the new rifle was indicated in a paragraph printed on Monday, telling how First Sergeant Murphy of the Thirteenth United States Infantry had nade 179 out of 200 at 200, 300, 500, and 600 yards, the army record being 181 points.

Now, "the United States Army Magazine Rifle, model of 1893," has been described often enough. Every one knows that it is a 3-shot magazine rifle of 30 calibre. It about 2 inches shorter than the Springfield and the Remington rifles, the cali-bres of which are 45 and 50 respectively. It is a bolt gun, the breech being opened by a lever rising from the bolt at an angle of about 30° to the plane of the axis of the rifle. But the little details of the piece are not so well known; and an enlisted man of the National Guard of this State, having obtained permission to try the piece at Creedmoor, makes public herewith some of his impressions concerning it.

As has been said, the piece is a little shorter



MEMINGTON CARTRIDGE. RRAG-JORGENSON CARTRIDGE. so much longer than that of the Remington to a water works about forty-five hundred feet ride that the barrel of the Krag-Jorgensen is over a hill from the boller plant. To do this a about six inches shorter. The barrel is heavier than that of the other piece. Immediately in

that at a collery it was derired to carry steam to a water work a shout forty-the burder for do this a control of the control

A Chance for Fachlamm to Shoot,

A Change for Facklamm to Shoet.

To the Epiron of The Sun—Sir: In a rerecent issue of The Sux there appeared an announcement that Gus Zimmermann had been
defeated by John Facklamm at the tournament
of the German-American Sharpshooters Association held at Ridgewood Park on Sept. 18. It
was in a three-shot contest for the title of
Schneizen King. If Facklamm thinks he can
beat Zimmermann I will back the latter in a
match against him for any amount and under
any conditions. I will also give Fackmann or
any of his friends odds of 100 to 1 that Zimmermann will easily defeat him. My money is
ready at any time.

New York, Oct. 11.

The Beath of a Path Sader.

The Beath of a Pathinder.

From the San Francisco Zeantner.

CLATTON, N. M. Sept. 30.—Thomas O. Boggs, better known as Uncle Tom, one of the oldest residents of New Maxico in 1845 with his father, who was one of the organisers of the ill-fated honner party, the first to travel overland to challfornia. Uncle Tom acted frequently as guide for tien. Fremont. He was selected by Sen. Kearny in 1845 with carry the despatches of tien. Scott in Old Mexico to Fort Leavenworth and met with many trilling superiences while engaged in this duty. Boggs was a brother-in-law and the companion for many years of Kit Carson.

CHASING THE DUCK IN STYLE. Sportsmen Can Now Paddle After Their

Come in a Paramatic Bont. Sportsmen whose tastes induce them to seek duck and other water fowl as a quarry should feel particularly happy this season. They are being catered to in a way which promises to render their amusement as comfortable as watch-ing a kinetoscope fight, and after some little experience they may even dispense with the lux-

ury of a yacht.

The innovation which is to work this transformation among aquatic marksmen is a pneumatic boat which can be carried around as a small parcel when not in use. When duly inflated and ready for active service the new sporting craft presents the appearance of a circular soup tureen on feet. The marksman gets inside, and, having adjusted his feet in the rub-her brots attached to the boat, he has only to paddle away and enjoy himself. The outfit is completed by a storm caps, which protects the spottsman from the chin down and practically encloses him in a waterproof suit.



The effect is not very impressive from an artistic point of view, but as an antidote to rheumatism and the other ills which tetimise hunters of waterfewl, it has a practical appearance which looks encouracing. Having shut in everything but his head and gun, the sportsman may still further impose on the waterful game by filling the loups around the boats with whatever he deems best adapted to screen him from the eyes of the future victims. Foliage from the bank, artificial flowers, old newspapers, or, in fact, anything which is not transparent, will suffice to camplete his bower.

The outfit, exclusive of the trimmings referred to, weighs only twenty gounds. The boat is made in four compartments and is of rubber duck cloth. The boats, which take the place of a yacht's centreboard, are provided with fins, by the expert use of which a duck shooter may attain fair speed in his voyages. The disappointment of a light bag may thus be modified by a rave against time to the nearest landing point, and the idea might be worked into a fouranment by clubs to relieve the monotony of off days. NAT WITHOUT STORY CAPE. BOAT WALL STORY CATE.

most without state. Both were stored care.

The effect is not very impressive from an artification of the other with the identice buttle stored in the control of the contr

"He has bold me that he haver killed a man, and I know that he has requestly refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently refraguently response to kill, and he reputation for during doubte him who would not have voluntarily succurabled to the him has eastle affair refunded most and almost similar incident in which he figured, and lists, when the seastle affair refunded most and burry frishman, while frended by drink, shot a pant of the place when Cauthes and one of his pant of the place when Cauthes and one of his pant of the place when Cauthes and one of his tim and brandshing his revolver when Cudhes extered the door, and when the murrhed the circumstances are considered to the control of the shot directly at that part of it which ever cred the warer's heart, and should be succeeded to the shot directly at that part of it which ever cred the warer's heart, and should be succeeded to the succeeded to the should be succeeded to the should be succeeded to the should be succeeded to the or cool-headed man in his place would have shot to kill, and his reputation for during doubtless made many a desperado surrender quietly to him who would not have voluntarily succumbed to any other member of the force. Cudihee's conduct in that Seattle affair reminded me of an almost similar incident in which he figured, and of which I was an eyewitness. It happened in 1881, when Cudihee was a Captain. A big and burly Irishman, while frenzied by drink, shet a man in a saloon, and was the sole living occupant of the place when Cudihee and one of his officers arrived. He was standing over his viestim and brandishing his revolver when Cudihee entered the door, and when the murderer booked up and saw the police uniform, he pointed the pistol directly at that part of it which covered the wearer's heart, and shouted: 'If you come near me, I'll kill you!' Cudihee did not stor, did not even failer, but holding out his conjety hands, continued advancing, gazing stendily at the eyes of the desperate man as he did so. There was something in that gaze that scemed to fascinate, or perhaps the murderer was overwhelmed with astonishment at the fearlessness of the advancing officer. At any rate, the trigger was not pulled, and Cudihee, quietly saying 'I want that,' wrenched the weapon from the still extended hand, and in an instant had the big man manacled. "That was the greatest exhibition of cool courage I ever saw in my life. When Cudihee entered the door of the saloon the murderer was standing about a dezen yards away from him, and fully twelve seconds were consumed in his slow and deliberate advance to the muzzle of the pistol aimed at his breast."

Two Stories of Old Hickory.

SEA GULL DICK'S RETURN.

ATBRESTON'S REEF LIGHTSHIP FOR HIS TWENTY-THIRD WINTER.

He Appears There Each October and De-parts in March-He Is a Sagarlous Bird, and Scientists Are Interested in Him. NEWPORT, Oct. 13. The return of Sea Gull Dick to Brenton's Reef lightship to spend the winter there has aroused general interest among those who know the history of that aged bird, Dick first appeared at the lightship twenty-three cars ago, and each winter since he has made his headquarters there in fact, has lived abourd the vessel. He puts in an appearance very regularly early in October and disappears again. undoubtedly going northward for the summer,

about March 10, Long ago these regular migrations interested people in Dick. Much has been written about him, and scores have visited the lightship to see the sea guil. Twenty years ago he was gray, but, like all other sea guils, he has turned white with years. It is said that there are only two persons living who remember Dick's first winter at the lightship. He came there one day apparently nearly starved and flew about the ship until he attracted attention. The cook brought out a plate of food and set it on the rail of the ship. The gull alighted and ate the food ravenously. Every winter since then he has returned and enjoyed the hospitality of the ship.

Before he became tame several unsuccessful attempts were made to catch him. One sallor

"Looks like an alphabetical riot, "Visitate you Honor, uncertainly, "Neit, nein, das ist mein name; I have you some business mit," was the reply.

Judge hane warmly assured his visitor that the cirrk would attend his slightest wish, and hastily left the room.

"I guess you've god 'em all there," said that clerk, critically, as he rowleved the alphabetical dress parade on the card, "but that's test that way I learned them."

way I learned them."

He was heard of later in Justice Slavin's opera, where he entered suit against a man with a name almost as complicated as his own.